Game Night

by andlat

Another vintage Andlat story!

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Andlat studied the board before him, his gaze shifting from the board to the cards in his paw and back again.

“Ah!” He said. “I’ll build a route from Denver to Kansas City with four orange cards.” He made his move, placing his red train cars in a neat line on the orange boxes as Jack looked on. He was glad that Andlat had not thrown too much of a fit about his conductor cap being pink, nor the fact that the bandana around his neck was more of a scarf, every bit as pink as his cap. After all, he was all boy below the scarf, from his beloved Ace Incredible t-shirt to the shorts that were insistent about sliding down his hips when he excitedly bounced forward from his place on the floor to play his turn. He had pouted more when Jack had accidentally blocked one of his routes. Andlat had tried to hide his disappointment, but he was a bad actor and Jack always knew when he was feeling down.

“You might just beat me, kit.” Jack said, studying his own cards. “I think I’ll just take the two blue cars there.” He took them, flipping over an orange car card and a locomotive. “Uh-oh!” He said with a chuckle. “I think I just helped you win.” His own secret rule was that he could not take any of the locomotives. Even after a half dozen games, Andlat was none the wiser. “Your turn.”

“I’m going to be out of cars after next turn!” Andlat said excitedly as he picked up the locomotive. Jack smiled, looking at the tokens on the points track.

“It might be a close game, princess.” He saw Andlat’s nose wrinkle, but he chose to ignore it as he made a route that only gave him a couple points. “Well, time to kick my butt, hmm?” Andlat nodded and lay down his cards, building another four car route from Denver to Helena. He moved his points token and grinned at the wolf.

“Your turn.” The wolf nodded and made his final route. He made kissy lips at Andlat to hide that he did not move his points token from the last route.

“Alright, let’s count up our points.” He had a suspicion that he would still be ahead of the fox, but that was no big deal. After all, he always had a trick up his sleeve. To keep things close, he skipped a few of his points.

“Aw, I don’t have enough.” Andlat said in a very small voice.

“Well, we forgot to award the last special route points, Andlat.” Jack said.

“What’s that?”

“Cutest railroad baroness.” Jack said with a smile. “It’s worth ten points, which’ll put you ahead of me.”

“How do you get that?”

“Let me check the rules.” Jack made a show of flipping through. He had a lot of fun coming up with silly little

challenges for Andlat to get extra points. A few days ago, Andlat had gotten twenty extra points for singing the ‘I'm a Baby Vixen” song. Andlat did not know, but Jack had recorded the whole performance, enjoying seeing the fox in his big boy clothes sing and dance about being a baby vixen. “Ah! Cutest railroad baroness is whoever has the cutest route. But” he smiled impishly. “They only get it if they announce ‘I’m the cutest railroad baroness!”

“Oh.” Jack leaned forward and studied the board.

“Hmm, look! Your train cars make a fluffy cloud here!”

“They do?”

“Mhm! Oh, and look here.” He pointed. “Good thing you were playing red, because that really makes it look like a heart, don’t you think?”

“I guess?” Andlat did not see it at all.

“Well, only one thing left.”

“I really gotta say it?”

“If you want the points and to keep up your winning streak.”

“Can’t I kiss you to get points again?”

“That was the last game and that was to earn the title of Daddy's Little Engineer.” Jack reminded him. “Guess I win.”

“No! I’m the cutest railroad baroness!” Jack smiled and dutifully moved the fox’s token forward.

“You win!”

“Can we play again?” Jack looked at his watch.

“Sorry, but I think it’s bedtime now.” Andlat’s shoulders slumped. “Let’s clean up the game and then we’ll get you ready for bed.”

As Andlat gathered up his pieces, his mind raced. If he whined about bedtime, then that just proved he needed to go to bed, but willingly going to bed was not much better.

“Don’t dawdle, mister.” Jack said. “You’re going to bed whether you like it or not.” Andlat nodded and gathered up his pieces a bit more quickly, just to appease the wolf.

He put the bag of his pieces in the box and found his feet falling away from the floor as the wolf lifted him up his shoulder.

“Welcome to the Bedtime Express! Do you have your ticket?”

“Ticket?” The wolf chuckled and tapped his cheek.

“Right here, princess.” He smiled happily as he felt the fox’s little lips brush his cheek. “Thank you. Off we go!”

“Do I gotta sleep in the nursery?” Andlat asked as Jack carried him toward it.

“Where else would you sleep? In Daddy’s room?” Andlat nodded, eager to have some sort of escape from the frilly pink and white nursery he slept in every night. “Well,” the wolf said, considering it. “I suppose I could get you ready for bed

and then move your bassinet into my room."

"What? No!"

"Your crib's too heavy to move in there, silly." Jack said, kissing the fox on the head as he carried him into the nursery.

"I used to have a big boy bed." Andlat muttered to himself.

"And we both agreed that you love your crib too much to sleep in that silly big boy bed, sweetie." The wolf said. "Besides, it felt wrong to tuck my little crinkly vixenkit into a big boy bed every night." As he set him down on the changing table, Jack could see Andlat nibbling on his claws. "Hmm, what do I have here that might be tastier than claws?" Andlat knew better than to get his hopes up. Jack liked to make it sound like he would get candy, but it was always one thing.

Sure enough, he saw a pacifier coming toward him. He obediently opened his mouth and the bulb plunged in. Jack smiled and touched the plastic of the pacifier.

"There we go! Now you just lie here and let Daddy pamper his little princess." He chuckled proudly at his own joke as Andlat rolled his eyes. "C'mon, that's a good one."

"You use that joke every night." Andlat mumbled around the pacifier.

"Every night? But that would mean I put you in thick crinkly baby vixen pampers every night!" Jack kissed Andlat's belly button. "Is that true? Is that true? Are you daddy's baby girl?"

Andlat blushed and looked away. “Oh, that’s right. Baby Emma’s too little to use her big girl words!”

“Am not.”

“So you admit that you’re baby Emma?” The wolf mused. “Good to know.” He unzipped the fox’s shorts and pulled them down. “No stains on your undies? Maybe you’re too big for diapers, hmm?” He grinned as Andlat nodded. “What’s the rule, angel?”

“Daddy gets to decide when I’m too big for diapers.”

“That’s right.” Jack said as if it was only Andlat saying it that reminded him. “Well, guess that means it’s a diaper night for baby vixenkits.” He ignored Andlat’s pout as he removed the rest of his clothes, leaving the fox completely naked. “Count yourself luck that Daddy was so distracted by our game he completely forgot about you know what.” Andlat nodded solemnly. “What did I forget about?”

“My bath.” The fox mumbled around the pacifier, clearly conflicted between being a dutiful kit and not wanting to remind the wolf in case he genuinely forgot. Jack nodded, but fell silent as he busied himself with diapering the fox.

Being a nightly ritual, Jack wasted no time in powdering and taping the diaper around the fox’s waist. It was much more fun, for both of them, to move on to what Andlat would wear over his diaper.

“What shall baby Emma wear to bed?” Jack asked, picking the diapered fox up and walking leisurely over to the closet,

patting the fox's crinkly bottom as he went along. "So many pretty nighties, hmm?" The fox, figuring he was expected to respond, nodded. "Oh, you think they're pretty too?" Jack kissed the fox's nose. "Pretty nighties for my pretty kit." Andlat nibbled on the bulb of the pacifier, something that often made him feel better. "Let's see. You had that pretty pink engineer cap on during our game, so maybe we should stick with pink." He smiled at the fox. "Pink, you think?" The fox remained silent. "Or maybe white, like your lovely mask?" He played with the soft white fur across the fox's green eyes.

"Do you want me to pick?" Andlat asked, unsure of the wolf's game.

"Goodness no!" The wolf exclaimed. "If I let you pick, we'd be here all night! Daddy, I want to try on this one. I want to try on that one! You'd need your diaper changed before you'd even got it down to your final three nighties." He kissed the fox yet again. "I know how picky you little girls can be. I grew up with a sister, remember?" He smiled at the embarrassed fox and picked a light pink nightgown. "This should work."

Setting Andlat down on the changing table again, he tickled the fox's tummy before pulling the nightgown over his head. Andlat knew to hold still and not try to help. Daddy wanted to dress him like a baby girl.

"Should we do bows tonight?" Andlat simply shrugged and Jack chuckled. "I know you really want bows, but those

wouldn’t be very comfy to sleep in. Tell you what. Daddy will put you in lots of pretty bows in the morning, okay?” Andlat did not have time to put before Jack picked him up again and carried him off toward the kitchen for a bedtime bottle.

By the time the last of the bottle had disappeared, Andlat’s eyelids were heavy and he had nestled into Jack’s arms. Jack almost felt bad about settling the fox down in the crib and pulling the blankets snugly up to his chin, the pacifier slowly in rhythm with the first steady breaths of sleep. He watched the fox sleep for a moment, feeling a swell of paternal pride. He slowly left the room, smiling as he reminded himself that it would only be a little while away from the fox. Morning would come and bring with it another fun-filled day with his entire reason for being.